THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE BY-STANDER.—No. VII.

Quid de quoque viro, etcui dicas sæpe caveto. HORACE.
Of whom, to whom you speak, beware.

CURIOSITY never fails to repay suitably a mind devoted to its services. When exerted toward the attainment of knowledge and science, a rich harvest will remunerate its efforts; degenerating into inquisitiveness concerning individual affairs to propagate scandal, the odium and detestation of man will pursue it. The cultivation of the former is sanctioned by the approbation and countenanced by the behaviour of every literary and scientific man; the latter is reprobated and condemned by the same respectable and dignified characters. There appears to be a medium between these two extremes left undecided as to its propriety—a curiosity to be informed of other's opinions respecting ourselves. Although some may pride themselves on the contempt they entertain for the sentiments of the world respecting themselves or their behaviour, yet all are desirous to acquire its good opinion in some manner, and to ascertain the certainty of that opinion. Even the morose Dr. Johnson cherished this laudable curiosity.—And indeed were this desire annihilated, a grand incentive to noble actions would be destroyed. The fragile bark, long tost on tempestuous billows, would be overwhelmed by turbulent waves, or founder on some latent rock. I confess myself to be actuated by such sentiments, and would not exchange the noble and exalted pleasure I enjoy when an opinion relative to myself, expressed by one who never suspected it would travel to my ears, is detailed to me by a friend or companion, for that stoic indifference *assumed* by the despisers of men's opinions. If favourable, it creates in me a desire to increase that flattering opinion, by an assiduous and diligent application to increase my store of knowledge and extend the limits of my information; if the reverse, my spirits are not damped nor my aspiring flame quenched, but my ardour to erase all suspicion of my misbehaviour from the mind of the speaker, is roused, and my exertion to afford pleasure even to a reviler compensates internally for any chagrin I might have endured at the recital of the ill opinion. Thus do my feelings reward my care, and an enemy improve my understanding. I wish not to encourage the officiousness of pretended friends, who invidiously relate every petty anecdote to promote strife and contention amongst neighbours and friends; I would rather depress that inquisitiveness.

With such sentiments I offered my trifling effusions to the readers of the *Companion* under the title of *The By-stander*, and with such sentiments I awaited their determination either to prosecute my original plan or hereafter devote my lucubrations to the devouring element. I sedulously avoided introducing any conversation concerning them, in any company, lest in my impatience to collect its sentiments, I might incur the suspicion of being the author: But in my fourth number a favourite amusement, or rather employment of fashionable young ladies being attacked under an ironic mask, I was eager to listen to any observations relating to that essay, particularly if dictated by a female mind. For this purpose, I determined the succeeding evening to frequent their assemblies and to glean from their conversation their thoughts on the subject. I first visited an elderly and sensible lady of my acquaintance. No words, on my part, were necessary to extort her opinion relative to the subject. After a few prefatory remarks on the current disposition and degeneracy of the times, she descanted on the impropriety of levees, the justness of the censure, the appropriateness of the language, and concluded with complimenting its secret author as the first assaillant of this degrading folly.—

Much gratified by the testimony of her approbation, I inwardly thanked her, and, taking my leave, bent my course towards the habitation of a modern Belle. Pope, has elegantly delineated this lady's character in the Rape of the Lock :

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those ;
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

On my entrance in the parlour, my eyes were attracted by the Companion lying open on the table, and dissimulating my intentions, as if accidentally, read a column aloud of my fourth number; immediately her eyes sparkled and cheeks glowed with indignation, a violent invective against the *By-stander* for composing and *Mr. Easy* for permitting the insertion of such vile trumpery in his miscellany, professing to be instituted for the defence of the fair sex, succeeded. Anger is a conflagration which acquires greater strength in its progress, as barriers are opposed to its rage. I therefore judiciously restrained my increasing impatience and waited its issue. It was but momentary, her liveliness returned and the smiles of beauty resumed their former station. The cause of levees was forgotten and an hour flew on downy pinions, before I recollected my original intention of visiting many other ladies, of whose opinions I desired to be informed. My next visit was paid to the charming & accomplished FLORELLA. To her, I could discourse with freedom on this subject without incurring suspicion, and I embraced that opportunity by requesting her opinion of the By-stander's ridicule on levees, which she delivered nearly in the following words. " Levees, I have always considered as the resort of those whose days are employed in devising schemes for killing time, and who sacrifice their health and fortune at the shrine of pleasure : Those ephemerals, who glitter in the fashionable world and then sink into oblivion. But as the avocations of professional gentlemen (in whose offices I understand they are chiefly held) are too momentous and important to be deferred by the unseasonable interruption of any visitors, I think they are very reprehensible, and I was greatly pleased at the appearance of an essay endeavouring to nip the bud ere it matured.—The author is entitled to the praise of all those, who endeavour to check dissipation and turn aside the minds of youth from trifling and unimportant occupations to more solid intellectual pursuits."

She ceased, and I felt pleased with the sentiments and delighted with the accomplishments of the speaker. This approbation of my conduct and encouragement to future attempts, spread an agreeable dew upon my spirits and communicated pleasure to my grateful heart. Many other opinions, some accordant and others dissentient, according to the speaker's participating in the pleasure of levees, were repeated to me. But the majority commended the adaptation of the ridiculous style to oppugn ridiculous fashions, and appeared to agree with Horace when he declares,

——————Ridiculum acri
Fortiuset melius magnas plerunaque secatros.
Ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot where graver reasons fail.

And now, my fair readers, be hereafter circumspect in your remarks upon these essays, lest in the greatest abuse you lavish on them, you may address yourselves to the By-stander ; and when you declaim with the greatest vehemence against them he may silently hear and inwardly smile at your observations. No place of amusement, but what he frequents ; no fashionable circle but what he can obtain an introduction to : therefore remember the old adage and keep it constantly in mind, " *Latet anquis in herba :* " There's a snake in the grass." D.

Mr. Easy,

In silently admiring your talkative bantling, I perform no duty to letters or to morality ; but I am unwilling to screen myself behind a *silent vote*, & will, by your permission, give proof in black and white that I am pleased with the society of such a companion. In your 17th number I discovered the cavilling of an ungallant knight who, with no great impropriety, assumes the popular family name of SOFTHEAD.

I will not say there is any thing of inconsistency in a member of this family waging uncourteous war with a lady—especially when she is of the ancient family of the WOULD-BE-KNOWINGS. Every Softhead possesses at his birth, as a portion of the family's hereditary dominions, an unalienable right to that district of metaphysical country denominated *Intellectual Vacuity*. As supreme lord of this as were the Picts of Nature's covering, a Softhead will repel with his utmost strength every attempt to invade his property. Deadly as is the hatred between Great Britain and France, yet this national enmity is neither so durable nor so violent as the antipathy of a Softhead to any thing like useful knowledge ; hence the perpetual warfare between these people and the Wouldbeknowings.

To this cause then we must impute the ungallant conduct of " J. Softhead," in attacking the cheerful and witty " Eliza." I have a strong predilection for this young

lady, were it for no other cause than my partiality for her family name. Every benevolent heart rightfully claims kindred with those who wish to be instructed and those who are willing to instruct. On this principle I claim Eliza as my sister; at least my couzin; but I would not wish to be dubbed *Sentimental Scoundrel*, because of my pretensions to benevolence. A great man of the present day—and many small snarlers join in the cry—"knows that Sterne was a sentimental scoundrel," because, forsooth, Sterne presumed to *feel*, and was bold to declare his feelings! Very good, Mr. Softhead; truly worthy the family dignity and fame.

Mr. J. Softhead thinks the Wouldbeknowings a "collateral branch of the Softhead family." But this supposition is absurd. There can be no kindred blood in the two; for we all know that the latter are the friends of knowledge, as their name implies; whereas the former are proverbial for their ignorance and their instinctive opposition to the inroads of Science. That individuals of this family are in possession of many posts of honour and of profit argues nothing against my position. "They have worn the royal purple?" True—but they have then ruled a nation of Softheads. They have defended the honour of their sovereign? As true—for none but Softheads would "fight the the battles of the world," *without enquiring into the merits of the cause of war*. They hold offices even in this enlightened country? 'Tis all true—the best government and the wisest people, are not always infallible; but I tread cautiously on political ground. I cannot (on this subject) travel to classic regions without encountering the boisterous sea of politics. This I dare not; the *easy* disposition of the Companion would not permit it. Else I had gone to Athens and to Rome, there to enquire if the increase of Softheads did not bear down the wisdom, and ultimately destroy the grandeur and very existence of these ancient republics. I would have enquired, whether, when learned republican Athens submitted to the *softheaded* influx of luxury and indolence, this deviation from the *Knowing* (or "Wouldbeknowing") path did not contribute, in no small measure, to the destruction of their wise and wholesome institutions, nay, to the annihilation of this people. I would have enquired at Rome, whether, after the expulsion of the softheaded Tarquin, it was not owing to the influence, or apathy, of this family of Softheads, that the Cæsars and murderers rode on the rights of the citizens, and trampled on the liberties and valour of the fragment of this great nation. I would make many such enquiries, had not Mr. Easy forbidden, and wisely too, unlike a Softhead, political discussion. Returning to our own country, I would have enquired into the demerit of appointing Mr. J. S's father to the office of Justice of the Peace. But this was not wonderful, when we consider that those who appoint are sometimes themselves of this family. Who but Softheads would commission one? *There is a town in this country*, where some Magistrate's offices are mere shops for the sale of warrants. The veriest paperskull of the whole family could "support" the retail "dignity" on such a "bench;" therefore, 'tis no great cause for triumph to J. S. that his father arrived to that honour.

You, Mr. Easy, may think it unnecessary, to be at any trouble in endeavouring to convince a Softhead that he is in error. But I, who had "a leisure hour to idle," have thought J. S's observations not unworthy this reply. I am furthermore urged to do it by my strong attachment to the interests, and great respect for the character of woman. All of giddiness, all of pride and vanity, all of objectionable kind, that is, here and there, to be discovered in the female character, is generally derived from the undue influence of the Softheads. Free from the unmeaning—and worse—prattle of these animals, many young ladies who are now beset by them, could have some opportunity of being more than *ornamental* to the city. Religion will not permit one of God's creatures to despise another, however contemptible the latter may be; yet I certainly *much less than pity* the *thing* that inherits the properties & character of a Softhead, when considering *it* in this point of view.

J. Softhead, notwithstanding his descriptive name, pretends he has intellect sufficient to discover that Eliza has deviated from the female style. He is consistent. But the vivacity, & the playful humour, together with the unlaboured satirical wit convince me that the writer was indeed a woman. Though ladies are destitute of the savage disposition to mangle and to kill, yet it is quite characteristic in them, when indulging in playful jest, to *threaten* what they will do. J. S. will not dispute the authority of the Spectator, from which I will quote an instance.

There could be more *forcible* passages produced; but I think the writer of the following note alluded to an unadulterated Softhead. "I have a sot of a husband that lives "a very scandalous life, and wastes away his body and "fortune in debaucheries; and is immoveable to all the "arguments I can urge to him. I would gladly know "whether in some cases a cudgel may not be allowed as a "good figure of speech, and whether it may not be lawfully used by a female Orator"—Spectator, No. 252.

If Mr. Easy thinks this not unworthy his notice, the

insertion of it will gratify a true friend to woman. If its plainness be cause of condemnation, I submit; for I cannot *bedaub* you, as did "Russel." T. HARDHEAD.

THE PEDESTRIAN—No. XI.

Mr. Easy,

I have given my friend sufficient time to have preached a long sermon to the little Credulity, and to have fairly convinced the girl—with arguments to heart's content—that she could derive no real, substantial, benefit from the lectures of an old and blind Fortune Teller.

I am convinced that girls in general would prefer the friendship of such a fellow as Leander to all the blind, decripped and superanuated gentlemen in the city—and for good reasons. Sound arguments would be advanced by them. Nature pleads for Leander; and the young ladies are always obedient to her call—when she exhibits striking allurements.

Thus was it with Credulity. Come, I'll go home with you, said Leander—and I'll tell you all about it.—About what?

Since my account of this to you, Mr. Easy, I overheard an arch young baggage declare that she didn't think he had any intention of declaiming against Fortune Tellers at all when he left the house with the girl under his arm. And I verily believe that this meddling body would have handled the poor girl's character quite severely, had she not been stopped by a discreet and accomplished sister, who checked the suspicious speculations of young Fidgetty. Now what possible harm could result from accompanying him to her home? Harm enough, said Fidgetty, in going off with a man she didn't know any thing of. La me, continued she, do you think I would permit him to lead me about so; a person that——

I would not trust you, miss, replied her sister. Her sister "spoke my mind" exactly, as the Quakers say. Were she any thing to me, I would not trust her. No, no; none of your too prudent ladies for me—they are as dangerous, to themselves—I don't know that they can injure us, as society and men are at present constituted—They are as dangerous—to themselves—as are those men in the world who know too much. You will frequently meet with men of this description; but when I fall in with such an one, it is a rule with me to have as little intercourse with that man as possible. Never rely upon the advice of a man who knows too much—nor believe all that Fidgetty says, if she is too prudent.

Such people may say what they will; but I am certain no honest person in their right senses, acquainted with Leander, would once doubt his most serious intention to undeceive the girl—and that alone. And Leander informed me at our next meeting thereafter, that his labours were not altogether unavailing. Thy countenance, said he, bespeaks thee subject to the duplicity of men. Thy well formed person, that bewitching eye, will attract those who are far more dangerous to the peace of this gentle breast than the wretched old man we have left behind. This nest of down, continued Leander, laying his hand on Credulity's "softly heaving bosom"—take care, Leander, don't throw off the sacred moralizing character which sits so aptly on you. This nest of down, said he, on which I could rest my cheek with the delicious rapture of an ardent lover of woman—Behave, sir! said the innocent creature, as she pushed Leander rather angrily. You don't love *me*—why I never seen you before. You seem so strange a thing, I don't know what to think: But you would'nt tell stories, would you? said she, as she smiled most beauteously in his face. Leander felt the rebuke, and thought of Moore; exclaiming,

> ——I would rather forever forswear
> The elysium that dwells on a beautiful breast,
> Than alarm, for a moment, the *peace* that is there,
> Or banish the *dove* from so hallow'd a nest.

They had got into Hanover-street just as the cry of FIRE alarmed this neighbourhood. Leander discovered the destructive element, consuming a frame which joined a tall brick dwelling. No citizens collected to check its progress—what should he do? Many a *fine gentleman* will say 'tis no question. I am aware of this sentiment, Mr. Easy, in the minds of many who pass current for *men*; but Leander must not be measured by the rule that applies to such as can look on with indifference during such calamitous times. His breast beat high to the tune of commisseration, as he paused a moment weighing his sense of duty with that of gallantry. Never before this night was Leander an idle— I cannot say an unfeeling—spectator during a time of fire. But he had timid delicacy under his care; and they stood where a frightful mob must soon arrive—'twas enough—"there was a woman in the case"—then go, Leander; it was well you protected her—let proud laziness hand the buckets. If the little gentry will not assist on these occasions, they may one day see their own property in danger. They will then know that many are as vile as they.

A few minutes brought them to Credulity's dwelling. The house, deserted by its inhabitants—who had flew to the fire—could not be entered. A sad predicament this for Leander; but he must face it. The seat of the door offered space enough for two to sit on—provided always that they had no objection to sitting close one to the other. I never—except in one instance, not necessary to be here named—knew Leander averse to "coming in close contact with a pretty girl." The necessity of the present case urged to the measure, and they squeezed into the narrow seat together. Here I must leave them, Mr. Easy, or trespass on your patience by grasping at more than my portion of your valuable paper. RARIO.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

AN EXTRACT.

I labour under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than he had acquired at a charity school; but my mother being dead, and I, an only child, he determined to give me that advantage, which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education.—I was sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the University, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having but small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended.

You must know that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing, made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life; particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct; I therefore had resolved on living at the University and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those of better education than their parents, that my poor father's ignorance, and vulgar language, had often made me blush to think I was his son: and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of *that*, which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own.

My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune, which he used to boast, would make a Nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of sixty-thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause, I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now, Sir, behold me at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentlemanlike accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the *wealthy learned clown*.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighborhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families, especially by those who have marriageable daughters: from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself on the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

At length, however, I determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago, accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whose open easy manner, left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about five thousand pounds a year estate, joining to that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall, dependant on their father.

Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past, taken private lessons of a *professor*, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first

found wonderous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow ; I boldly ventured to accept the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity : but alas ! how vain are all the hopes of *theory*, when unsupported by habitual *practice*.

As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw ; at my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new learned bow to Lady Friendly, but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in *me*, is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men *can* judge of my distress, and of that description, the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern ; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led, by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be : Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo ! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me, there was no harm ; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambrick handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron ; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me ; spilling a sauce boat, and knocking down a salt seller ; rather let me hasten to the second course, " where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon, that stood near me ; in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal : it was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets : at last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application ; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire ; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness : but, oh ! how shall I tell the sequel ? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already

flea'd and blistered: totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame, and their diversion, was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration, which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with the streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin damned." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned; perhaps by your assistance, when my neighbors know how much I *feel* on the occasion, they will spare a *bashful man*, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready) I trust you will excuse the haste in which I subscribe myself.

The following most extraordinary circumstance occurred at the Grapes tavern in Cable street Liverpool:—A young gentleman, under the influence of a dream in which he supposed a person was pursuing him with a pistol, left his bed in a middle story, and actually forced the lock of a door to attain the attic floor, when he opened the upper sash, and threw himself into the street. In falling his shirt caught the projecting grapes, and forced them down with him. This considerably broke his fall, inasmuch that he lit upon his heels; and, strange to tell, received no bodily injury whatever, not even the slightest scar. It will be recorded as an almost incredible wonder, that after rising from the bed, forcing the lock of a door, and falling from a window of three stories, the horrors of the dream had not left him, as, on being interrogated by a watchman—"In the name of God what is the matter?" he exclaimed, "A villian wants to shoot me!"

An uncommonly splendid work, appears to have excited no small curiosity and attention amongst the patrons of the arts in England. It is entitled, "*The Indian hunter, or, Wild sports of the East*:" and it is intended to exhibit not only the manner of hunting wild animals by the native and European inhabitants, but will, when completed, form a perfect system of Oriental History. The list of subscribers is very extensive.

A NEW HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The following literary notice appeared in the last Monthly Magazine, and it announces the design of a new and valuable work, which cannot be viewed by the intelligent part of the public without considerable interest. "William Godwin, author of the Life of Geoffry Chaucer, the first English Poet, and of other works, wishes to give this public notice, that he has undertaken to compile a work, to be entitled *The History of England*, from the earliest records of events in this island to the revolution in 1688, to be written on a scale not smaller than that of the History of England during the same period, by Hume. He therefore invites all persons who may possess rare books, manuscripts, or documents of any kind, calculated to illustrate the annals of this country, to favour him with the inspection and use of them. He pledges himself to a just and punctual conduct respecting the articles which may be entrusted to him, and will thankfully acknowledge the facility which may be afforded to his pursuit. He would not have undertaken such a work, were he not animated with the ardent hope, by study and diligence, to throw a new light upon our annals; and it will be the first object of his vigilance to divest himself of such partialities and prepossessions as might lead him in any degree to distort or misrepresent any transaction or character of which he shall have occasion to treat."

THE ROYAL LIBRARY OF FRANCE.

About 1683, an accurate review was made of this vast collection, and then it was found to contain 10,942 manuscripts and 40,000 printed volumes. In 1782, the manuscripts amounted to fifty, and the printed to above two hundred thousand; and the prints, plates, medals, antiques, charts, maps, genealogies and charters, had been increased proportionably. Its exact contents at the present day seem hardly known; but the great accessions it received during every period of the Revolution leave little doubt upon the mind but that both in the number and quality of its contents it must now be the first in Europe.

Lond. Magazine.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A LIVING PICTURE,

OR THE VICTIM OF COQUETRY.

Down in the mazes of a grove,
Young Harry told his tale of love,
As all forlorn he stray'd;
And as he brooded o'er his fear,
Full many a sigh and many a tear,
His bosom's grief betray'd.

Sweet girl with locks of auburn hue,
He sung, whose eyes so soft and blue,
Lead captive every swain;
Say, while I languish to be bless'd,
O! wilt thou grant thy suppliant rest,
Or must he plead in vain?

Sometimes indeed, I've thought thee kind,
But ah! thy ever wavering mind,
So fond of being free;
On all, I've seen thee smile as sweet,
And with the same endearments greet,
As erst bestow'd on me.

O then, with half resenting heart,
I've almost vow'd at once to part,
And never see thee more;
Yet still that smile—that glance divine;
Has made me more than ever thine,
And forced me to adore.

Since then to fly, I strive in vain,
O! do not hear me still complain,
And no relief impart;
Come, sweet, enchanting, heavenly fair!
In pity listen to my prayer,
And ease my bursting heart!

Thy prayer is heard, a voice replies,
While anxious wonder, and surprise,
Beat high in Harry's breast;
But what can speak his soul's delight,
When full before his ravish'd sight,
Sweet Mira stood confess'd!

Quick o'er his cheeks the current flew,
As near the lovely maiden drew,
And on his bosom hung;
O maid divine! he would have cried,
But crouding sighs all speech deny'd,
And chain'd his eager tongue.

But soon his lips, in eager haste,
To her's, the trembling lover plac'd,
And clasp'd her in his arms:
Ah! never more, at length he said,
Can Harry doubt his charming maid,
Nor suffer fresh alarms.

But ah how transient is our bliss!
It oft expires upon a kiss,
And in a moment flies:
Just like some little gaudy flower,
That blooms in sunshine for an hour,
And in the evening dies.

Next eve, his face in smiles array'd,
Again young Harry woo'd the maid,
And urg'd in tenderest strain?
But Mira, cruelest of her sex,
With cold reserve his suit rejects,
And laughs at all his pain!

Half craz'd, he rushes from her sight,
To spend in tears the tedious night,
Or lose in sleep his care;
Alas! no sleep beguiles his grief,
Till Mira deigns to smile relief,
And heal his sad despair.

Thus bless'd and wretched, still by turns,
A constant flame within him burns,
And wears his life away;
Yet still obedient to her call,
He cringes and submits to all,
Tho' jilted every day!

LEANDER.

TO A PROFILE.

Image of my lovely fair,
To this heart so often press'd;
Dost thou read what passes there?
Canst thou give the trembler rest?

Ah! I feel 'tis all in vain,
Still it flutters as before;
Go—you but increase the pain,
You can never peace restore!

Haste and send thy mistress here,
Bid her to her lover fly;
Tell her, she alone can cheer—
Whisper, 'tis for her I die!

LEANDER.

Turn on me, love, those eyes of thine,
That blooming cheek, O! turn to me—
Now press thy ruby lips to mine,
And let me die with loving thee!

What—only one—one sparing kiss!
When I would freely give a score—
Olenia! but renew the bliss,
And I will teaze my girl no more.

There—now a thousand thanks my love,
O! I could hold thee thus forever—
Ah! why must fate such bliss remove,
By forcing us again to sever!

LEANDER.

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